



# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



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## Charivaria

DURING excavations in Italy traces of an Ancient Roman bust were discovered together with remains of several wine casks. This supports the theory that an Ancient Roman bust was a distinctly hilarious affair.

"There are many amateur strategists who look at a map and think they could win the war themselves," says a military correspondent. HITLER is one of them.

"Why not buy your next year's suit now before prices rise?" asks an advertisement. We've been wearing ours for months.

Railway carriage seats will probably not be re-upholstered until after the war. As straphangers know, all seats at present are permanently padded with passengers.



A medical writer asserts that we are able to endure more than we think. But of course a great many of us don't think much.

Because it is undesirable in wartime to waste food, small fish may now be caught. It is doubtful, however, if any angler will admit they are.

A Stirlingshire centenarian claims that he has not smoked, taken a drink, or ridden in a motor-car for eleven years. It seems he is saving up to buy a bottle of whisky.

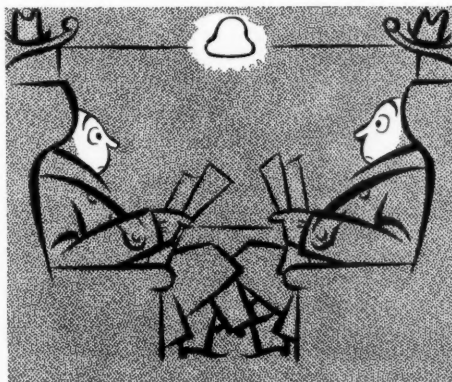
German officials in America have protested against a play in a New York theatre and say it is an insult to the Nazi regime. We shouldn't have thought this possible.



In Scotland golfers paused in their game to watch an air battle. Can golf be losing its grip?

A new film planned in America will be called *Benjamin Disraeli*. It has not yet been decided who will play the part of GEORGE ARLISS.

To-day is the anniversary of the day last month when the *Ark Royal* wasn't sunk by the German News Agency.



### Splice the Main Brace!

"Only one ship containing Germans has left Latvia so far, but 10 other ships are still waiting at Riga and Liepaja, accumulating harbour dues and other expenses, which the German Government Legation in Riga has requested should be lowered to a round rum."—*Glasgow Paper*.

### Our Schools in War

"CARRYING OUT OF THE ETONIAN SOVIET RUSSIAN FACT."  
*Sierra Leone Paper.*

It is urged that railway carriages should have enough light for a passenger to see the face of the passenger sitting opposite. Since when has the face of the passenger sitting opposite been worth seeing?



"A telegram from the Chief Warden, dear; it says: 'Come back all is forgiven.'"

## Germany Calling!

**T**HIS is Germany calling, over the Reichsender Köln, Hamburg, and the short-wave transmitter DJA! Here is our News Bulletin..

This morning squadrons of the German Air Fleet bombed all English towns and ports and returned to their bases without loss. Fifty British fighter planes were shot down. All cities and ports are now a blazing shambles, and the whole of the inhabitants have been killed. Should the inhabitants of these cities and ports deny that they have been killed, we can only point out to them that the British Censor and the Ministry of Misinformation do not permit the British public to know the basic facts of the situation which would allow them to arrive at a more honest and realistic knowledge of the true position of affairs.

To them we say: "Demand the truth of your Government! Ask them why you have not been told that you have been killed!"

If, however, the inhabitants of these cities and ports persist in denying that they have been killed, we can only assume that they have become infected with the methods of practical use of

terminological inexactitudes invented by Mister Churchill. Mister Churchill, we now have complete documentary proof, has ordered the British Fleet to shell British towns at regular intervals for propaganda purposes. It will also perhaps interest Mister Churchill to know that we have proof of his responsibility for the War of 1914, the Great Fire of London and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

British people, do not allow yourselves to be fooled! Demand to know why these facts have been withheld from you!

Where are the Malvern Hills? British people, where are the Malvern Hills? Yesterday morning at 11 A.M. the Malvern Hills were sunk by a ten-kilometre bomb from one of Germany's latest bombers. Why have you not been told this news? Where are the Malvern Hills? Ask your Admiralty! Ask your Granny!

A writer in the important Swedish newspaper *Smorgesbrod* says this afternoon, "Without doubt Herr Hitler has done a great deal for the German people: indeed many of them probably do not yet realise what he has done for them." That is very true,

ladies and gentlemen. But what has Mister Churchill ever done for anybody? Ask yourselves that, ladies and gentlemen!

Reports from various British towns and cities to-day reveal the tragic despair of the populace as the chains of war exert a throttle-grip on their vitals. Faced with the prospect of standing in food queues in all weathers for their meagre rations of butter, thousands of British wives and mothers are committing suicide. In one city, it is reported, more than four hundred pathetic bodies were found with their husbands' safety-razors buried in their hearts.

But have no fear, ladies and gentlemen! Rest assured that Mister Churchill will be compelled to pay for this war he has started, and for new safety-razors too.

How much better do we manage things in Germany, where such scenes would be scorned as evidence of the decadence of the so-called democracies! In Germany no German woman stands in queues in all weathers for butter. By a triumph of Nazi organisation, and through the indomitable will of the Fuehrer, butter has been abolished!

And before many months have passed, ladies and gentlemen, we may assume that Mister Churchill and his war-monger colleagues will be buttering their breads on the other side!

Even the Englishman's love of sport has been killed by the war. His football pools have been banned by a Government that thinks only of its own enjoyment and is determined to kill the sport-morale of its people. Everywhere from British sports comes the complaint that they have no pool spirit left.

From Scotland reports tell of riots, strikes and revolutions. Thousands of armed pickets stand guard over the factories to keep out those misguided few who still feel some affection towards their cursed English masters. So grave has the position become that the British Government has had to build a wall from Carlisle to Wallsend to keep out these pickets and Scots and starve them into submission.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, because Mister Churchill's clever propaganda often accuses Germany of lack of a sense of humour, we will end our News Bulletin with a story that appeared in this morning's *Völkische Beobachter*:—

Ursula is sitting at the breakfast table with her daddy. "Daddy," she says, "who are we fighting?"

"The English," says her daddy kindly.

Ursula knocks the top off her egg. "Pooh!" she says. (This is a term of grave distaste and contempt which she uses on occasion.) "Pooh!" she says again.

Out of the mouths of little children, ladies and gentlemen!

Take heed, English! Take heed, Mister Churchill!

## The Spell

THE green weeds spread  
On the river bed  
Look more than ever down there  
Like witches' hair.  
There is something queer  
About the weir,  
And the remains of the mill  
Are more peculiar still,  
So that they ooze mystery  
And are stiff with sinister history.  
About them the old-man's-beard  
Has become suddenly weird,  
Like jungle undergrowth  
Or overgrowth or both.  
The ashes at this stage  
Are beginning to show their unbeliev-  
able age;  
The willows misleadingly disappear  
Into the atmosphere.

Through the reeds sighing  
Like wolves crying  
Comes the significant hoot  
Of a coot.  
The shadows have crept  
From where they are kept  
And become caves  
Into which eddy the little waves  
Of the river,  
And as they go in they shiver  
And round every corner  
Are a little forlorn  
Till down the sun has slanted  
And made them all enchanted,  
So that at times there is  
Even a tendency to look for fairies.  
All of it seems  
To have the dimness of dreams

Or to be like a brook  
In a book,  
Half recollected,  
Or like its own image reflected.  
One is cast  
Back into one's past  
When one was led to this scene  
In a coat of gaberdine,  
And over and above that  
A three-cornered hat;  
And one admired one's grazed knees  
Rather more than the trees  
Bandyng the sun's rays,  
In those days.  
But one felt much the same  
When one came,  
For although one was not very old  
One had just the same sort of cold.



"That was 'Hang Out the Washing on the Siegfried Line.'"  
"H'm—this is surely hardly the time for Wagner."

## Boxing the Compass

A GREAT many words have been said and written in this country about the lies that the Nazis tell to the German people; not so many, I think, about the fact that lying to the German people is deliberately encouraged, defended and upheld by the Nazi Koran or Bible itself.

"Propaganda is to be fitted to the masses, and its rightness is to be judged exclusively by its real effect."

"By skilful and sustained use of propaganda one can make a people see even Heaven as Hell, or the most wretched life as paradise."

"A definite factor in getting a lie believed is the size of the lie."

"An illusion of truth can be created by intensive repetition of a lie."

All these statements are made in the Good Book, *Mein Kampf*, and they are corroborated by Pastor Goebbels, who says: "Propaganda should not be in the least respectable; nor should it be mild or humble: it should be successful." And again, "The question for propaganda is not whether it is on the right level, but whether it attains its end."

There is nothing original in the theory: many other thinkers have held it. Plato, Bacon, Machiavelli, would with mild reservations and in their own rather different phraseology have agreed. But these older philosophers wrote for the instruction of rulers, princes and governors, and not for the common herd. *Mein Kampf*, on the other hand, has been a best-seller, and almost a compulsory best-seller; it has even been given away freely to the virtuous and the poor; and remembering this we are faced with one of those logical dilemmata so dear to the ancient Greeks.

It may be posed in this way.

*Gretchen.* I have been knitting you a new jumper of potato fibre this morning, dear Hans.

*Hans.* Thank you, Gretchen. Then I can cut up my old jumper and put it in the tobacco-jar.

*Gretchen.* But while I was knitting I was reading in the Sacred Book that we received on our never to be forgotten wedding-day.

*Hans.* You could no better employment have had.

*Gretchen.* Only one thing puzzles me, Hans; there is a text in which the Leader seems to say that it may be a good thing to lie to the people; and that the bigger the lie is and the more often it is told the better.

*Hans.* If the Leader says that, it is true.

*Gretchen.* Everything that the Leader says is true. But supposing he says that you and I are happy—

*Hans.* Then we are happy, Gretchen.

*Gretchen.* But supposing that he is telling us that we are happy, knowing that we are not happy, in order to make us happy, and that he tells us that it is right for him to tell us we are happy when we are not happy—

*Hans.* See, you have dropped two stitches, Gretchen, and broken the wool. Let me peel another potato for you.

*Gretchen.* I was saying that if it is right for the Leader to tell us lies, Hans, in order to make us happy, then the whole of *Mein Kampf* may be full of lies from beginning to end.

*Hans.* If the Leader tells us lies, Gretchen, then they are true lies.

*Gretchen.* But supposing that when the Leader says it is good to tell a lie to the people, he is telling a lie when he says it is good to tell a lie to the people because he believes that it is a good lie to tell to them; then must I believe the lie that the Leader has just told to the people, or believe

that it is a lie because the Leader believes that to tell a lie to the people is a good thing for the people, or must I—

*Hans.* Aw nuts! (*Ach Nüsse!*) Get on with your knitting.

And now they say that *Mein Kampf* has been withdrawn from circulation in Germany. Quite needlessly, in my opinion; for if the denunciations of Communism and of Russia in that book were merely understood (as any intelligent reader ought to have understood them) to be cleverly contrived propaganda intended to deceive him and make him happy, then the Russo-German agreement becomes a shining and triumphant proof of Herr Hitler's contention that it is a good thing to tell the reader a lie, and vindicates the glorious truth of his statement that whatever he says, in any place, is probably an Al copper bottomed never to be by anybody outrivalled fib, and furthermore, not only enables him to contradict by future action anything he may have ever said in *Mein Kampf*, or anywhere else, but even to point out, if he so chooses, that he did not write the book, that it never was written or published, and that if anybody sees a copy of it lying about it is really an autobiography of Mr. Winston Churchill, written by Mr. Neville Chamberlain on a fishing holiday. And that even this, although it may be better for the Germans to believe it, may also be believed by the Germans to be untrue.

EVOE.

## Remembering England

I HARDLY knew my England,  
Until she went to war  
And left her lanes unlorded  
By haste's ill-mannered roar,  
And peace that fled from Europe  
Knocked at her cottage door.

I had forgotten England,  
The calm her hills bestowed,  
Because my eyes were captives,  
Bound straitly to the road,  
While trumpets of damnation  
Blew fiercely if I slowed.

I knew no night in England  
Without the blaze and bark  
Of shapes destroying distance  
Or seeking where to "park";  
But now day's end betokens  
A deep, kind, country dark.

I had forgotten sheep-tracks,  
Short cuts, and clay that clings,  
Owls hunting in the moonlight,  
Full-voiced, on whispering wings...  
Must men go into battle  
To bring us back these things?

"There is much to suggest that some of the local bowling clubs terminated their programmes with undue haste."

*West Kirby Advertiser.*

Did they never hear of Drake?





### ALICE IN RATIONLAND—THE POOL OF TEARS

"The Pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it."



*"It's the first of November, dear, according to the newspaper."*

### *Where is Young Lance . . . ?*

**W**HERE is young Lance the Leftist, who shouted  
"Arms for Spain!"

Who doubted so the fortitude of Mr. Chamberlain;  
And if such arms had been despatched would soon have  
spent his breath

On hissing that his countrymen were Profiteers in Death?  
Where are Iseult and Steve, who, hanging posters from their  
necks,

Marched fearlessly to Downing Street and cackled "Save  
the Czechs!"

Who cursed because we did not save the Abyssinian souls,  
But thought it very rash indeed to guarantee the Poles?  
Oh, where is Battling Barbara, who thought it would be  
good

To stand against Aggression, till we actually stood?  
And where is Spitfire Florence, who confidently swore  
That if we threatened war enough there would not be  
a war?

Where is young Know-all Nesta, so mystically sure  
That anything that Russia did was peaceable and pure;  
And, while of course our Empire caused her honest blood  
to boil,

Explained that Righteous Russia would not pinch an inch  
of soil?

Where too is Percy Pink, who backs a loser every race  
But, like the happy tipster, loses neither funds nor face?

And where is Modern Mervyn, who was bubbling fire and  
sparks

But cannot aid the war because it's not in aid of Marx?  
And what of Comrade Chris, who thinks democracy such  
fun—

Always excepting anything our Parliament has done;  
And Ermytrude, who wants free speech and voting  
everywhere,

Although of course in England an election's never fair?  
Where are the youthful genii who know exactly how  
The cosmos should be managed? For their chance is  
surely now.

Where are the New School Knickers who despise the Old  
School Ties?

What do they do to show themselves more good and brave  
and wise?

Their sisters are in hospitals; their brothers won't be long;  
But they are still explaining where the Government was  
wrong,

Or in *The Bilious Weekly* very lengthily expound  
The reasons why they think their "ideology" is sound;  
While Reginald, who actively can not assist the war,  
Proclaims the right to know at once what he is fighting for.  
Where Mervyn is, or Barbara, we simply do not know:  
But Lance, I hear, is lecturing in Prudence, Ohio.

A. P. H.

## Moving with the Times

### II

NORMALLY of course when one moves into a cottage that needs overhauling one just sends for a builder. But not in these times. Not here, anyway. The builders are all doing Government work. So are the carpenters. So are the painters. Even if they were not we should have to go into committee over the cost before engaging them, for we are juggling now with housewifery and husbandry.

So in the intervals of volunteering our own humble services we are renovating the cottage ourselves, which is doubtless very good for us but undoubtedly not so good for the cottage. Luckily there are no structural alterations to be carried out. But there are other jobs which, if less involved, are not less important, and the exterior ones are being done under the self-appointed direction of Mr. George Tubb.

Mr. Tubb, having led an active life on the land for seventy-odd years, is now (in his own words) a gentleman of pleasure (*sic*) on his ten shillings a week pension. He suffers a little from rheumy arthritis (*sic*), but his mental vigour is unimpaired by it, and if newcomers such as ourselves wish to "get on" in the village they must take good care to get on the right side of Mr. Tubb. Otherwise (so we hear) their milk will arrive late, the postman will misdeliver their mail, the handyman will overcharge, the publican will poison their beer, and life in general will mysteriously become intolerable for them.

We have managed, however, to pass muster with Mr. Tubb, and he now appears regularly to direct operations from the other side of the garden gate. We should like to paint this gate, but we can hardly do so until Mr. Tubb gives up his habit of leaning on it. And if Mr. Tubb disapproves of white gates it may perhaps be politic to leave it as it is.

We began operations by draining the lake. It is not a large lake, this lake of ours: it is not even a permanent lake. It measures about three yards by one yard, is nowhere deeper than four inches, and forms outside the porch—fed generously by the thatch and a sloping path—whenever it rains.

Mr. Tubb, contemplating it one morning from the gate with the detachment of an old salt regarding the sea, told us it had been like that so long as he could remember.

Cross-examined, he seemed to think it was but a trifling inconvenience, and not until we pointed out that it swamped the path to the penthouse, which we had just turned into another room, did Mr. Tubb agree that it was "sort of in the way." Still, it had been like that so long as he could remember. What kind of a room, inquired Mr. Tubb, had we turned the penthouse into? Because, he added, so long as he could remember the place had been too damp in winter even for stacking wood. (Mr. Tubb is exasperatingly well acquainted with this cottage. So, with curses, we duly moved about half a ton of books, two chairs, several pictures, a carpet, desk and typewriter back again into the cottage itself, where there is no room for them.)

Reverting then to the problem of the lake, Mr. Tubb advised us to dig a "soakaway."

Theoretically it seems that a soakaway is a hole filled with broken brick and covered with a grating. In practice—our own practice, since at this stage Mr. Tubb's rheumy arthritis kept him at home for several days—it took shape as a huge pit (anything smaller than a pit became clogged up at once), half-filled with

boulders (since no one could even half-fill that gaping cavity with bits of brick) and left open because a grating that size was nowhere to be had for love or money.

There, then, was our soakaway—so placed of necessity that it could not even be covered with a board except in such a way as to render it useless. It was an eyesore by day, a menace by night, and we dared not speculate what Mr. Tubb would have to say about it. Yet it worked: it even coped with a cloud-burst: and it had a temporary emergency look which was wholly in keeping with present-day conditions.

We had, however, overlooked one thing. We had overlooked the season. For the autumn winds are assembling, and every night and every day our soakaway, having no grating, fills itself right up to the top with leaves. Dead leaves. Millions of them. And when it rains they mat together and the lake returns.

So when Mr. Tubb arrived this morning we anticipated all kinds of withering and disgusted comments. For it was not only a frightful hotch-potch of a soakaway; it was also a frightful failure. It would be futile to protest to Mr. Tubb that it *had* worked, and futile to explain to Mr. Tubb why it looked more like a quarry than a soakaway.

We were trying to clear it out when Mr. Tubb appeared and leant over the gate. Zero hour. We greeted him apprehensively and asked after his arthritis. Mr. Tubb was about to answer when he caught sight of our yawning pit, two-thirds full of dead leaves. Our soakaway. And here was the man who had built soakaways for seventy-odd years.

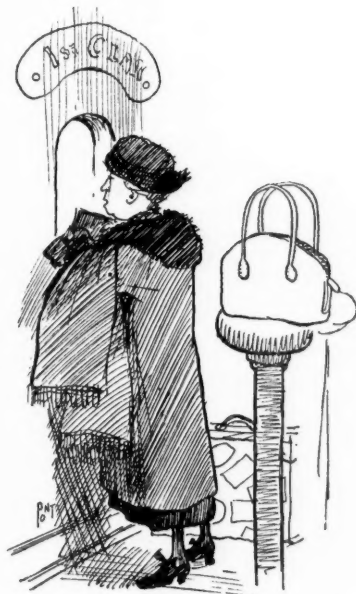
"Unfortunately," we began, as Mr. Tubb stared at it, "we—"

"Ar!" interrupted Mr. Tubb, waving his stick at it, "so you've dug a pit for 'em. Mind, 'tis good manure it makes, but 'tis better to burn 'em. You'll be getting too many to dig in. Leaves," added Mr. Tubb, "have collected there like that so long as I can remember. Ar! You'll be getting busy digging a soakaway soon, I s'pose?"

We looked at each other but said nothing.

"Because 'here's been a pool o' water there, just like 'tis now, so long as I can remember," said Mr. Tubb.

We said we weren't at all surprised to hear it.



"I know nothing whatever about that. You see, I have to go to Baden-Baden on account of my health."



## At the Pictures

### BRITISH FRENCH, FRENCH BRITISH

A GREAT number of people, I suppose, saw the play that has now been made into the film *French Without Tears* (Director: ANTHONY ASQUITH), but I don't know whether that means that the same people will want to see the film or that most of them won't bother because they know all about it. What is certain is that the film is very good, well worth a visit whether you saw the play or not. If you're looking for escape, it's the ideal escape: sunlight, laughter, comedy, no emotions sterner than young love, and a large number of funny lines. If you aren't—well, even so it would be a shame to miss this.

It is a British-made film with Hollywood stars: RAY MILLAND as *Alan*, ELEN DREW as *Diana*. The story, such as it is, deals (as so many of you know) with the young people at the establishment in France run by *M. Maingot* (JIM GERALD—a beautifully highly-coloured portrait) for teaching French to English gentlemen. The sister of one of the gentlemen, a siren if ever there was one, arrives to upset the affections of the others. In the film her very English brother begins to explain a little uneasily why she should appear to be American, but the subject isn't cleared up; you must work out your own reasons. Anyway, she is extremely alluring, which is all that matters.

The other love affair is between the daughter of the house (charmingly played by JANINE DARCEY) and another of the young men, *Chris* (DAVID TREE). Then there is the *Commander* (ROLAND CULVER), who breezes in to learn The Lingo and eventually becomes a friend. . . . It's all very pleasant, and the opportunities of showing scenes away from *Maingot's* house—the picnic, the fancy-dress *carnaval* (a brilliantly-done scene)—are well taken. I enjoyed the picture, and I recommend it.

That was the French (one or two of them) through English eyes; now for the English as seen by the French. *Gibraltar* (Director: M. SAFRA) would probably go down well enough with any audience free of English

associations, but for most of us there is here (if I may be allowed the metaphor) a good deal of grit in the spinach. This is a spy story, unfolding in Gibraltar and Tangiers, many of the cast being British officers in eccentric caps, played by French actors in a manner

spy story, more or less, with the amours high-lighted in the French manner. I don't know how much of the plot to reveal; better perhaps to let you guess when you see it. If you are used to spy stories you won't long be deceived, though sometimes this is unintentionally baffling (whispers near me: "Is this in Gibraltar?" "No, Tangiers." "Then who's this, the other fellow?" "I think so . . .").

I have no wish to imply that the picture is negligible; the suspense common to all such films, and particularly the French gift for amusing and picturesque detail, make it quite good entertainment. ROGER DUCHESNE is the French English hero.

I take it that *The Angels Wash Their Faces* (Director: RAY ENRIGHT) was so called merely to indicate, to people who saw *Angels With Dirty Faces*, that this film also involves the Dead End Kids; for it isn't a

sequel, and the title's implication of reform is only very sketchily justified. In fact the plot depends on that anarchistic principle so dear to Hollywood's heart—that so long as the anti-social lawbreaker has commonsense and sympathy for the underdog he can speedily stamp out all the crime that has been flourishing because of the authorities' effete regard for legality, the liberty of the subject, *habeas corpus*, and all that stuff. This isn't exactly a principle to approve of; it's been the basis of countless films, but it still makes me uneasy.

In films of course it always causes everything to turn out all right. Here it allows the Dead End Kids to clear their city of graft within a week—"Boys' Week," for which one of them (BILLY HALOP) is made nominal mayor and appoints all the others (and BONITA GRANVILLE) to other civic posts. They have no real power; but being very young they can behave like hooligans with comparative impunity.—and you know that the bad people are no match for the good when no holds are barred.

The altogether subsidiary heroine and hero are ANN SHERIDAN (what gorgeous sisters these Kids have!) and RONALD REAGAN. The picture is fast and sometimes—in the usual D.E.K. manner—funny; but it's a minor effort on the whole. R. M.



LA LEÇON

Chris Neilan . . . . . DAVID TREE  
Maingot . . . . . JIM GERALD

that seems because of this excessively Gallic, beneath a Union Jack always upside-down. However, those two essentials, the Adventuress and the Master-Mind Villain, are unaffected by these unusual conditions; the latter



INTELLIGENCE TEST (SECRET)

Mercedes . . . . . VIVIANE ROMANCE  
Maroon . . . . . ERICH VON STROHEIM

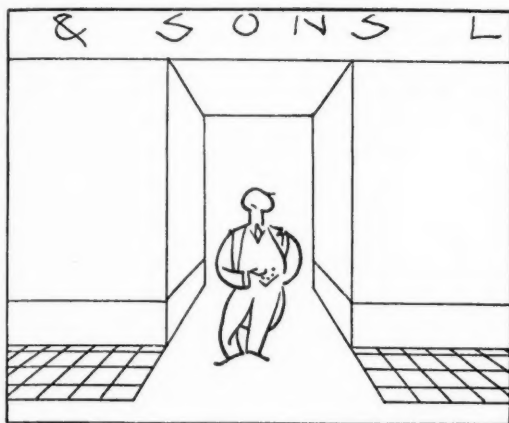
being ERICH VON STROHEIM, and the former that luscious beauty, VIVIANE ROMANCE.

The story? Much of it is the usual

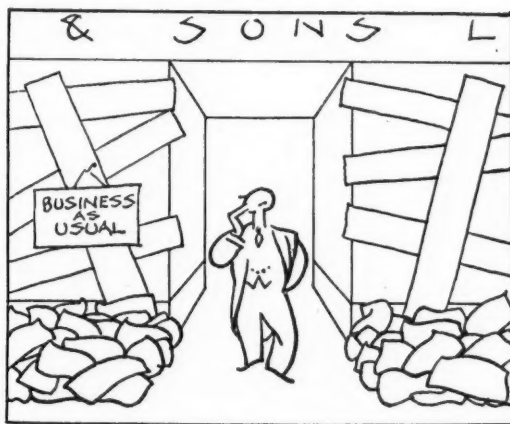


## THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

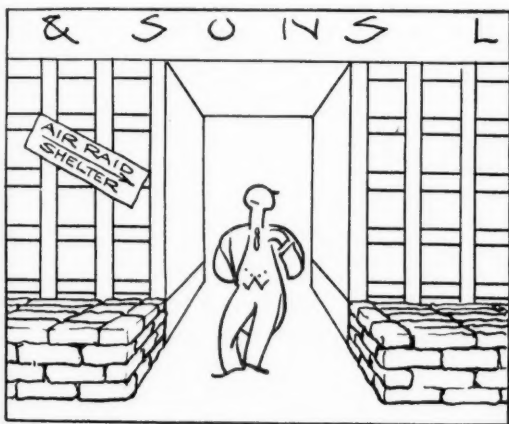
## XII.—SHOP-FRONT



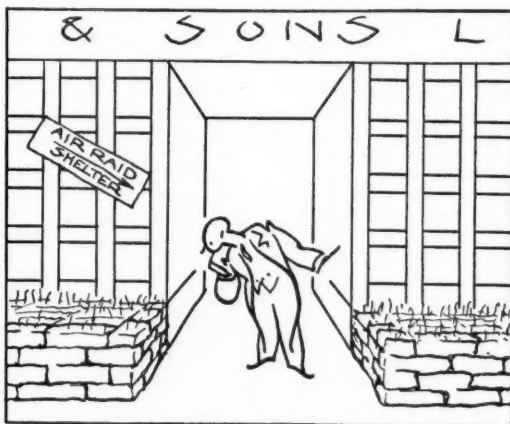
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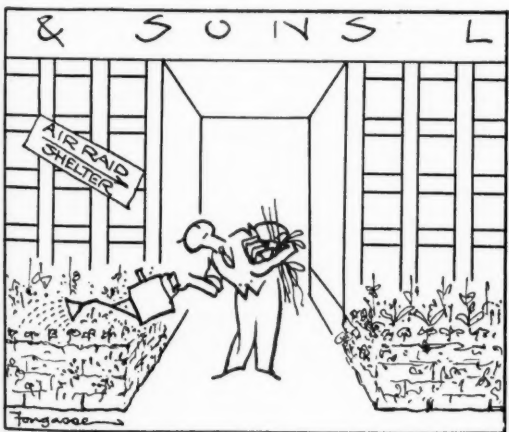
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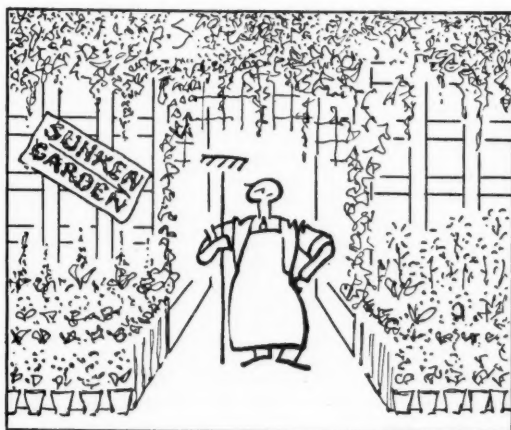
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6



Passenger. "I tell you it was a penny I gave you!"  
Conductor. "And I'm telling you it was a half-crown!"

## Behind the Lines

VI.—Song for a Soldier

**I** MARCH along and march along and ask myself each day:  
If I should go and lose the war, then what will Mother say?  
The Sergeant will be cross and red, the Captain cross and pink,  
But all I ever ask myself is, What will Mother think?

For

I

Kissed her at the kitchen-door,  
And promised her as sure as sure  
I'd win the what-d'-you-call-it war—

"You wait," I said to Mother.

She said, "You mean you'll win the war?"

I said, "By next September, sure—  
Why, that's what I'm enlisting for,"

I told my dear old Mother.

She said, "Oh, next September, well that isn't very soon:  
You know that Father's birthday's on the 28th of June?"  
I hadn't thought of Father, so of course I had to say:  
"All right, all right, I'll win it by the 31st of May."

So

I

Kissed her at the kitchen-door  
And promised her as sure as sure  
I'd win the something something war—

"You wait," I said to Mother.

She said, "You mean you'll win the war?"

"The end of May," I said, "for sure—

Why, that's what I'm enlisting for,"

I told my dear old Mother.

She said, "Well, that's a comfort; I suppose you hadn't heard

The twins have their birthday—always had—on May the 3rd?"

I wiped away the tear-drop that was flowing down her cheek

And said, "All right, all right, all right, we'll make it Tuesday week."

Then

I

Kissed her at the kitchen-door,  
And kissed her once again, and swore

Gort helping me I'd win the war

To please my dear old Mother.

She said, "You'll really win the war?"

"By Tuesday week," I said, "for sure,  
And probably the day before,"

I told my dear old Mother.

I march along and march along and hardly dare to speak  
For planning how to finish off the war by Monday week;  
For Mother and the Sergeant will be very cross and hot  
If we should lose the war because of something I've forgot.

Yes,

I

Kissed him at the cook-house door

And promised him I'd win the war—

"Why, that's what I've enlisted for,"

I told my dear old Sergeant.

He said, "You'll win the ruddy war?"

I said, "Oh, Sergeant, keep it pure!

Of course I'll win the nasty war—

And then I'll be a Sergeant."

A. A. M.

## Little Fiddle-on-the-Green Stands By

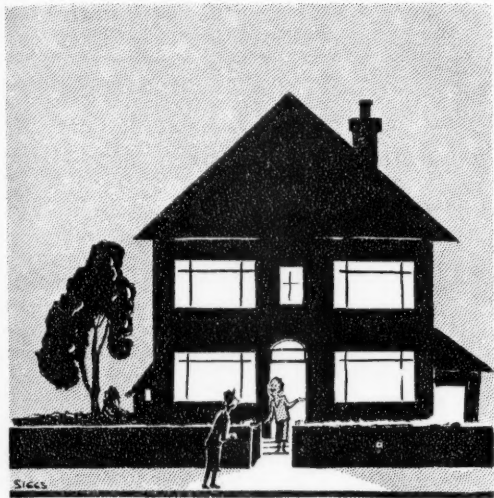
**S**IGNS of the times in Little Fiddle-on-the-Green have not been wanting, although one is not necessarily prepared to say with Uncle Egbert that the whole character of the place has altered—and not for the better either. But Uncle Egbert, one knows, has things brought right home to him by the black-out with greater poignancy than most of us, owing to the absence of the second electric light in the village—which in happier times blazed at the corner of his drive, whereas he is now compelled to negotiate the rather awkward entrance to "The Retreat" in the dark.

It would no doubt thoroughly disconcert Hitler and his minions—who are, as Aunt Emma says, probably not really minions at all but simply ruled by fear—to know with what extraordinary speed and efficiency Little Fiddle-on-the-Green has adjusted itself to war-time conditions.

The Women's Institute meetings are held in the afternoon instead of the evening.

Mr. Pancatto's car has an A.R.P. label stuck on the windscreen and stands outside the door practically all day long, ready for any emergency.

The van from the shop has a label too—Food Distribution—stuck on over the original inscription, which was only an advertisement of somebody's tea. (The boy, as a matter of



"That's perfectly all right, dear. The warden's gone over to Little Spankville to see his mother."

authority in *any* case—General Battlegate, in lieu of writing to the papers about the sedge-warbler's behaviour or the decadence of modern youth, now writes almost exclusively about the Ministry of Information. Reverting for a moment to considerations other than European ones, this is definitely *just as well*. It was all right about the sedge-warbler, but the parents of young Cyril Pledge did not care at all for some of the General's examples of the decadence of modern youth—and those who know Cyril could perfectly well understand why not.

Mrs. Battlegate, already serving—if serving is quite the word—on many committees, has publicly expressed her willingness to scrub floors in hospital. Everyone must hope that the war will have been won before this comes to pass.

Most of the rest of us are fully occupied with our evacuees, meeting the trains they don't come by, and making up beds that turn out not to be wanted after all, and telephoning to the Billeting Officers—Miss Pin and Canon Pramm—to ask where the forty-two children, one teacher and six mothers that we were to have, can have got to. The replies are nearly always to the effect that they have been sent to Ham St. Jinnock by mistake and that we must stand by to receive ten incurables and twelve babies instead. As Cousin Florence says—but in quite a patriotic spirit—so much of this war seems to consist of Standing By.

E. M. D.

o o

### Commination

A Scottish curse upon the foe,  
That Ishmael o' the Powers,  
Wha dares tae raid oor Edinbro'—  
In beesiness hourrrrs !

fact, always has delivered the groceries in the van, but in the years of the truce (1918-1939) it was simply called Fumble Bros., Families Supplied Daily.)

Miss Dodge's motor-bicycle, so well known to all of us who have had to help push it up the hill, has been laid aside for the duration. Miss Dodge said frankly that she would hardly care to be seen riding it without some kind of special label—to which nothing has so far entitled her—for fear people should think she was merely using the nation's petrol for pleasure. But she and Miss Plum have taken the decisive step of renaming "Ye Bunne-and-Gifte Shoppe" in old English lettering "Ye British Canteen" in rough and yet bold red paint on a blue background.

Many of us have felt that this will take us a great deal nearer to winning the war than the doubtless well-intended but thoroughly ill-judged inspiration of Miss Littlemug in appearing at a Red Cross meeting in a pair of slacks.

A very few words from the Chair—old Lady Flagge—made it clear to Miss Littlemug, and indeed to all of us, that an innovation of that kind was in no way calculated to help either ourselves or our gallant Allies the French, and might definitely antagonise the Turks. Miss Littlemug's immediate resignation from the Committee is neither here nor there. She has resigned from it on many another occasion, and all that remains to be seen is whether she attends the next meeting wearing the slacks or her customary well-known purple tweeds. The betting at present is five to one on the tweeds.

At "Dheera Dhoon," the home of the Battlegates, a couple of sandbags are flanking the front-door step. The General is the very first person to admit frankly that they could avail but little in the event of a really *determined* aerial bombardment of the house—but they represent a token occupation, and no one can say that Mrs. Battlegate's two cats are not delighted with them and sleep there every night regularly instead of in the tool-shed.

General Battlegate, whose experience in 'seventy-nine, 'eighty-one, and again more recently in nineteen-two, entitles him to speak with authority, as he says himself—although many of us feel that he would speak with



"I'm sorry, Sir, you can't see this film unless accompanied by a respirator."



"Not sand, Sir, surely?"

## The Chief Crawls Up the Window

**I**N the bottom of the cocktail cabinet," says the chief's voice from behind the pelmet, "you will find the pincers left by the type-writer people."

He descends two or three rungs of the ladder and changes his spectacles, snapping the fingers of his free hand behind and below him. There is blood on it, I notice, as I hand him the implement from the window-sill, and I judge from his disordered hair and laboured breathing that he has been on the job for some time. Just as I am about to wish him good morning he begins to describe to me the circumstances attending the disappearance of a carton of cream from his front doorstep. Inquiries at the two houses either side of him have drawn blank, and a visit to the milkman (whose striking resemblance to old George Beadle is a matter for the chief's constantly recurring surprise) has had similarly disappointing results. The cream, deposes old George Beadle's double—or "stand-off" as the chief calls him, with easy mastery of Hollywood jargon—was placed on the step by his own hand, and it is the chief's theory that it has been stolen by the retired Army man next door. He has, the chief submits as evidence, a very red face and a dog of unendearing disposition.

This information comes to me in muffled dribblets, interspersed with expressions of doubt as to the integrity of the local fuel-control board and staccato instructions to inspect the window from various angles with the object of checking the alignment of a quantity of staples which have been screwed into the frame, apparently at random. I am unable to be as helpful as I could wish owing to the chief's trick of concealing the particular staple at which I am supposed to be looking with a large yellow duster and drawing my attention simultaneously to specimens of bygone domestic handiwork in other parts of the room.

"You see the idea?" he says, blowing his nose briskly on the duster and endeavouring to stuff it into his top waistcoat-pocket from which two chisels and an unaccountable dessert-spoon already protrude—"I'm killing two birds with one stone. We had that fellow round again last night."

The reference is to a commendably diligent warden.

"By pulling the white cords," continues the chief, "the window is opened. By pulling the blue ones it is closed."

I agree admiringly that this is an improvement on the old method of standing on the glass-topped table and working the thing with the chief's

umbrella, but he silences me with a back-handed gesture and hurries on: "The black curtains aren't up yet, but when they are the green cords pull them to and the yellow cords pull them back. The pieces of plain string are for the ordinary curtains."

As I gaze up into the multi-coloured rigging, noting the battle-scarred paint-work and the many sets of perfect finger-prints on the glass, the chief descends the ladder at a run which takes him well into the hearth, and carries out a lightning survey. For a moment or two the air seems full of thumbs and pairs of spectacles, then he appears to drop the whole venture and begins savagely to slit open the morning's post.

When all the letters have been rapidly lacerated, but the contents unexamined, he suddenly thrusts them aside in favour of a small unlabelled medicine-bottle which has caught his eye unexpectedly amongst his writing materials. "Pity to waste that," he murmurs and, swallowing the brownish contents at a gulp, flings the bottle six inches wide of the waste-paper basket and launches an attack on two old drawing-pins which have somehow become deeply embedded in the flap of his bureau. After chipping away at them industriously for some seconds with the dessert-spoon, at the same time informing me that the curious smell under his bedroom floor which he was recently successful in tracing to a faulty stove-pipe has now been found to be due to a new fumed-oak wardrobe (since returned to the makers), he passes a finger briskly over the pins, gives it as his opinion that they will do no harm where they are, and turns to wish me good morning.

I draw breath to reply but expend it silently as I am required to make a test of the morning's work.

"It will need two of us," says the chief, dropping abruptly on one knee to diagnose an invisible stain on the carpet, "so if I'm out you'll have to wait till I come in."

I signify my comprehension, and we take up our posts.

"The window first," says the chief. "We'll shut it."

I point out that it is shut already, but this is the sort of quibble that gets on the chief's nerves and I instantly regret my unwisdom in speaking. But he does not break into imprecations, merely sighing briefly and saying with restraint that in that case we will open it.

"Pull on the blue ones," he adds.

The cords tauten and whirr musically, but nothing stirs above our heads because the blue ones are for the



shutting process. The chief is the first to realise this and abruptly transfers his weight to the white one, wholeheartedly and without warning, so that the window at his side sharply descends a full half inch and thereafter remains immovable. A thin current of cold air enters through the elongated triangle and stirs his hair picturesquely.

"Now you've done it!" he exclaims. "Now what are we to do?"

"Well——" I begin.

"Oh, never mind," he says, suddenly weary, "we'll try the curtains and then I'll go up again." He sucks one or two wounded fingers and we each take a green cord and pull in unison, gazing anxiously aloft.

The black curtains, as I have been told, are not up yet, but the tackle is there and the little pulleys begin to tinkle and revolve. The chief does not notice that whereas the pulleys on my side run easily from the centre of the window towards the frame, those on his travel with equal ease from the frame to the centre, and as I have come to the office with the intention of catching up considerable arrears in my work I think it best not to mention this. Besides, he is plainly pleased with the tinkling noise, and after pulling his green and yellow cords alternately half a dozen times he announces that we are now to make a test on the ordinary curtains.

We take up our positions by the pieces of plain string.

"Now," says the chief—"pull!"

There is a period of vibrant suspense. Then the chief's string gives way with a dull crack and he reels back on to the table, putting his thumb in the inkwell for support. My curtain, however, billows majestically across the tall window, its passage marred only by a muffled crash as the box of rubber stamps is swept into the coal-scuttle.

"Yes," says the chief, "I was expecting that."

He adds that the thing can be finished to-morrow, and that many people would have had a man lumbering about the house to do a little job like that.

I address myself to the sorting out of the rubber stamps, but when I hand over the darkened carton of cream which I find amongst them, the chief, who has been absent-mindedly sucking his thumb, makes the merest show of gratitude.

o o

"—'S GREAT ANNUAL SALE  
TOP FLOOR  
EVERYTHING AT 'GIVE-AWAY' PRICES  
TAKE THE LIFT"  
Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.

Thanks.

## In the Black-Out

SOMEONE whistled like a bird,  
Never a gayer note was heard  
Though the night was like a pit,  
Not a lamp-post lighting it.

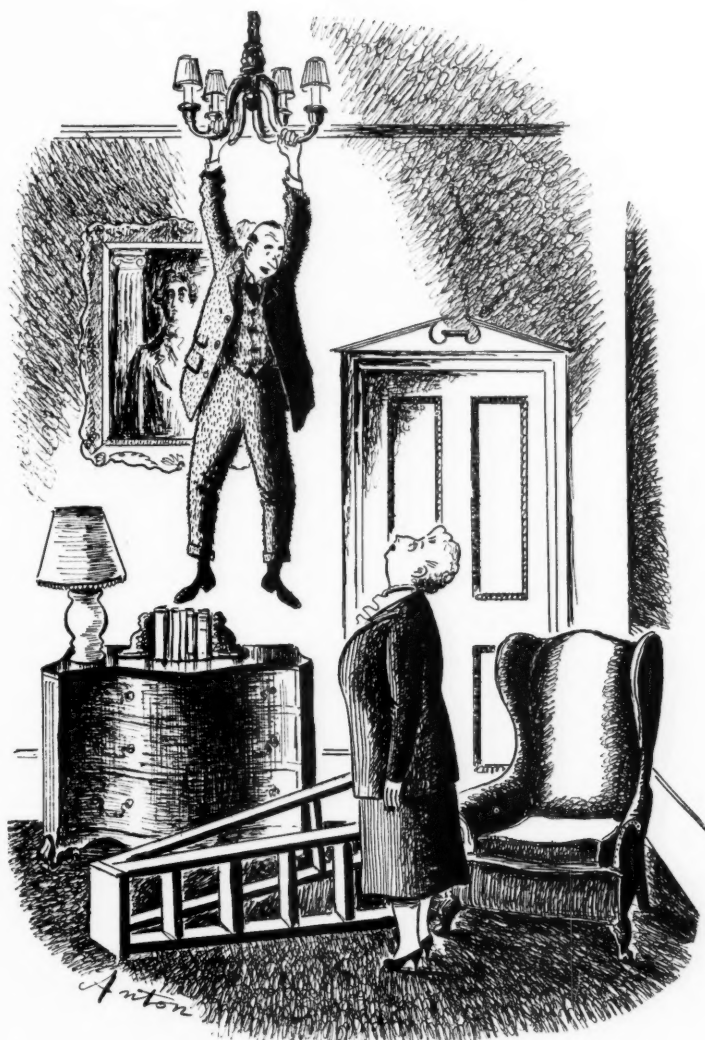
Nothing could have daunted him:  
Pale the stars were, few and dim,  
Dark the roadway gloomed beneath,  
Baring unaccustomed teeth.

Shadows grew, foregathered, fled,  
Cyclists rode as from the dead,  
A solitary bus crawled by  
Like a damaged dragon-fly.

Houses, criss-crossed, bared or bulked,  
Most inhospitably sulked,  
With never a ray of light contrived  
To show that anyone still lived.

Someone whistled, all the same,  
Someone ab-so-lute-ly game,  
Someone taxed, news-rationed, hit,  
And A.R.P'd, made light of it.

Someone whistled in the dark,  
Taking all black-outs as a lark;  
Our thanks to you, Tom, Bert, or Sid:  
We tried to do it, but you did.



"I was just looking for my spectacles, dear, and the ladder fell down."



"Please, Miss, have you got any more china that we could have?"

## *Ballade of Utter Gluttony*

Before Rationing Comes

**W**EARY of office-work, committees, boards  
And such-like, I was glad to get a stroll  
At noon to-day. I started out towards  
The restaurant that I had made my goal.  
And, as I walked, a pleasant hunger stole  
Into my throat . . . you know the way it feels . . .  
And "In my life," I said, "upon the whole  
I think I have been happiest at meals."

I've known the happiness that Love affords;  
And Art and Poetry have each a rôle.  
I've seen my son make centuries at Lord's;  
I've travelled, more or less, from Pole to Pole;  
I've landed tarpon on a deep-sea troll.  
But, if I'm honest, memory reveals  
That, sound the statement howsoever droll,  
I think I have been happiest at meals.

Good food when hungry! How it stirs the chords!  
Oysters and woodcock, truffles black as coal;  
And simple fare laid out on groaning  
boards . . .  
Fish-cakes and Irish stew and baked jam-  
roll,  
Kippers and scrambled eggs . . . you take  
your toll . . .  
Cheeses and celery and cold stuffed veals;  
And raspberry-fool in an enormous bowl!  
I think I have been happiest at meals.

*Envoi*

PRINCE, have a glass of Chablis with your sole;  
There's a good claret coming with our tears.  
Yes, I've known happiness; but really (*Skol!*)  
I THINK I HAVE BEEN HAPPIEST AT MEALS!

# MR. PUNCH'S NAZI PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS

No. 1.—How the Great War Plot against Germany began: February 27, 1933



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## Impressions of Parliament

### Synopsis of the Week

**Tuesday, October 24th.**—Lords: Discussion on Alien Internment.

Commons: Debate on Civilian Compensation for War Injuries.

**Wednesday, October 25th.**—Lords: Debate on Ministry of Information.

Commons: Anti-Profitteering Bill taken in Committee.

**Thursday, October 26th.**—Lords: Statement on War by Lord Stanhope.

Commons: Statement on War by P.M. Debate on position in India.

**Tuesday, October 24th.**—The Lords learned from Lord COBHAM that so long as "spy fever" does not develop, it is not intended to intern more than about one thousand enemy civilians. Twenty-nine thousand were shut up in the last war.

Mr. HANNAH asked a very sensible question, but one not very easy to answer, in the Commons. He wanted to know what the patriot should do this Christmas—buy normally, and so encourage trade, or abstain so as not to interrupt military supplies. Mr. STANLEY told him that provided the public kept enough back to be able to subscribe to the coming War Loans it was important that Christmas shopping should go on in order to prevent unemployment. As, however, income-tax presumably takes priority to both these outlets, the conflict may be found by many to be no more than academic.

The Minister of Pensions, Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, had another bad day when Mrs. ADAMSON's attack on the Government's scheme for compensating civilians for war injuries developed into a general onslaught on his Department. There was much criticism of the disadvantages suffered by large families under the scheme, Lady ASTOR pointing out the absurdity of Ministers for ever appealing for a higher birth-rate and then legislating for no more than a three-child family. She assumed it was all the fault of Civil Servants, who never had more than two children if they could possibly help it. Mr. FOOT having described a dream of his in which Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY had appeared as the Minister of Pensions to King HEROD, she told the House of a dream of hers about a House of Commons where six hundred women sat with fifteen men, only one of whom was on the Front Bench, and he tucked away in a corner.

After Mr. STEPHEN had spoken up

gallantly for sex equality and various others had warmly praised the public spirit of the old lady who lived in a shoe, the Minister defended the scheme as being the first instance in the

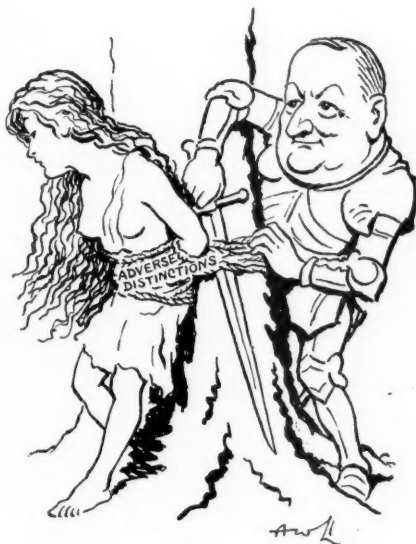
history of the world of compensation being offered to the civil victims of war. Based on the rates paid to the private soldier, it would probably have to be reviewed again after the war, and if it could be improved he would be glad. Mrs. ADAMSON's motion to annul it was defeated by a slender majority.

On the adjournment, Sir VICTOR WARRENDER denied that horses were being inconsiderately requisitioned, and Mr. STOKES returning again to the case of a tender for gun-mountings which had been refused as fifty per cent. too low, Mr. BURGIN explained that the organisation involved was the Nuffield Mechanisation Company, which had pointed out to the sub-contractor a number of costs he had forgotten. This sub-contractor had since told Mr. BURGIN that Mr. STOKES had made inaccurate use of a chance conversation.

The Labour Party still expressed dissatisfaction, and Mr. BURGIN promised to let Mr. STOKES see the relevant specifications if military considerations allowed.

**Wednesday, October 25th.**—Lord MIDLETON's attack on the Ministry of Information showed little understanding of the vital importance propaganda must play in fighting a war with a totalitarian State prepared to stop at no distortion of the truth. It is not difficult to prove that a few thousands have been wasted, but this pales to insignificance beside the colossal expenditure of Dr. GOEBBELS; what matters surely is the comparative inefficiency of the British instrument, and the real scandal, as Lord ASTOR declared, is the Government's slowness in reorganising the Ministry.

There now seems to be hope. Lord CAMROSE, who to the manifest regret of the House announced that, having done his unpleasant job of weeding, he was retiring, attributed the absurd design of the original Ministry to the Home Office. He pleaded that in its revised form it should be given a reasonable chance to function. And later Lord MACMILLAN, the Minister, gave a long survey of what he was doing which impressed his audience. He described how economies had been effected, how a flow of varied propaganda to between fifty and sixty countries was being worked up, how the number of our Press attachés abroad had been more than doubled, how British photographs were now reaching neutral countries in large numbers, and how a first-class film about the R.A.F., *The Lion Has Wings*,



THE LIBERATOR  
(After Millais)

In Tuesday's debate Mr. STEPHEN championed the cause of women.



Hercules rests for a moment from his labour of reorganising the stables.

THE MINISTER OF INFORMATION



*Scene in the private life of the Controller of Collar Studs*

had been finished in six weeks. He intended, he said, to make more use of journalists, especially on the foreign side.

In the Commons, dull. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave further and emphatic denial to the German lie that we had supplied Poland with poison gas, and told Mr. ATTLEE that the Turkish Treaty was to be ratified at once. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD announced that in future air-raid warnings in a district would only be sounded if the Commander-in-Chief of the Fighter Command considered that the district was to be the object of an actual attack, so as to avoid the disturbance and irritation which could be caused by frequent reconnaissances. And the Anti-Profiteering Bill finished its Committee stage without incident, Mr. STANLEY promising to keep an eye on merchants of gas, electricity and water.

*Thursday, October 26th.*—The Lords were told by Lord STANHOPE how the war was going on; the Commons by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The war on land was still a matter of steady preparation; it was in the air and at sea that things were happening. The raid on the East

Coast convoy last Saturday had proved even costlier to German bombers than had at first been thought (seven losses out of twelve machines is the latest Air Ministry figure), and during this week four enemy submarines had been attacked from the air, at least one of which had been severely damaged, while another had probably been destroyed by naval vessels. It was now known that in the raids on Rosyth and Scapa anti-aircraft gunners had brought down at least two German machines.

U-boats were being driven further from the trade routes and arrests of enemy ships for the week exceeded our losses by the useful margin of 33,000 tons; but the U-boat campaign was growing disgracefully inhumane as it grew more desperate.

The P.M. went on to speak of the great importance of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty, a purely defensive instrument, and of the financial and economic help which France and Britain were about to give to Ankara; and then he devoted a few telling minutes to the German Foreign Minister. RIBBENTROP, who had assured his master that Britain would not fight, now declared that

British policy since 1933 had been bent towards war with Germany; and it had actually been he who said as recently as 1936 that Communism, which threatened Europe and the British Empire, was the most terrible of all diseases because "people generally seemed to realise its danger only when it is too late." This was the man who was inviting the Soviet to join in a crusade against the British Empire.

A good debate followed on India, most Members agreeing that the Viceroy was proceeding reasonably in difficult circumstances. But Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS thought otherwise.

## NOTICE

### PAPER RESTRICTION

Owing to the restriction on the supply of paper, it may not be possible to obtain PUNCH in the ordinary way.

Readers who desire to receive PUNCH regularly and the Almanack should place a definite order with their Newsagent or direct with PUNCH Office.

## Torches

**A**FTER the war I shall be able to set up in business as a burglar. In fact it will be almost a duty, because I cannot think of another profession in which seven torches would be useful, and after the war I suppose it will still be a crime to waste anything. I am presuming of course that by the end of the war I shall have learned how to use the things properly. How, it may be asked, did I come to accumulate such a hoard? Partly because I very rarely remember to take my torch with me when I go to the office, and have to buy a new one, and partly because even when I have one of them with me it rarely performs in a satisfactory manner.

The little green one is a very good torch in its way, and probably, if the truth were known, gives an excellent light. Unfortunately I screwed off the top and blacked out the bulb so effectively that it gives no light at all. Friends tell me that I could remove the paint from the bulb with paraffin, which would be very satisfactory if I could get the top unscrewed again. The whole family have spent hours and hours trying to screw off the top, without any result except a sprained wrist for Uncle George and a rather nice piece of Worcester china broken by Cousin John when the torch flew out of his hand, nearly stunning Aunt Enid en route.

The big silver-coloured torch suffers from an exactly opposite defect. The top of the torch unscrews itself without human aid, and always falls to the pavement with a clatter when I am near a policeman. It gives out an enormously powerful light when the two sheets of tissue-paper are removed, and on several occasions I have narrowly escaped being run in.

The red torch was described by the maker as a vest-pocket model. The description is highly suitable, because it will never light except in my pocket. Pressing the button has no effect on it at all, but as soon as I put it in my pocket it flashes on, giving my waistcoat a luminous appearance.

Perhaps the most irritating model is the blue one. Instead of burning with a steady glow the light flickers from great brilliance to pale insignificance. When I am near a policeman it tries to imitate Blackpool Pier in peace time, but when there is really tricky work on hand, such as finding the keyhole, it fades away.

The one with the imitation crocodile case is not a bad torch in its way. It gives quite a good light if constantly shaken, but of course this becomes

rather tiring after the first hour or so, besides making people think I am either drunk or signalling to enemy aircraft.

Another one, built like a fountain-pen, gives such a very thin stream of light that it is really no use at all, and it has the additional disadvantage that it cannot be turned off. It lights up as soon as the battery is inserted

and glows away merrily until it is exhausted. The only way to stop it is to remove the bulb, which somebody always sits on and smashes.

Only one of my torches is thoroughly reliable. My wife gave it to me for my birthday and it is a big cumbersome affair. However, as she says, one knows where one is with it, because it does not light at all.



"Where the 'ell d'you think you're goin'?"  
 "Sorry, but the Admiralty forbid me to divulge the destination to which I am proceeding."



## At the Revue

### "THE GATE REVUE" (AMBASSADORS)

FRESH turns have been substituted for nearly half of this revue since it closed down at the beginning of the war, and of those which have survived several have been given a twist to bring them into line with events. It remains admirably satirical, a light but penetrating commentary on the way in which we live. Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD still distinguishes its cast with her outrageous talent for burlesque, and so does Mr. WALTER CRISHAM, the variety of whose gifts becomes more and more remarkable. These two pillars of the show are better than ever.

I think the most successful of the new items is "The Sewing Bee," the three Witches of *Macbeth* translated into the terms of a village work-party. Miss GINGOLD, Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD and Miss KAY YOUNG are discovered clustered round a huge sewing-machine wearing hard black hats and expressions of the most sinister ecstasy. A single flood-light shows up their eagerly twitching features. They croon a chorus together to the rhythm of the treadle, and then, after explaining what they are doing, get down to the serious business of the meeting, local slander. Rural needlewomen will doubtless find slander in the turn itself, but I found it very funny and I believe SHAKESPEARE would have done the same.

Then there is Mr. NICHOLAS PHIPPS's delightful recitation of his own lines describing his investigation of his goldfish's curious attacks of yodelling. This is brief, but a gem. It goes to very apt music and is punctuated by the peculiar movements of Mr. PHIPPS's eyes behind Mr. PHIPPS's heavy gold glasses. You feel that, up to the ghastly moment when his patience at last breaks and he flings the calls of science to the winds, Mr. PHIPPS is prepared to go a very long way to meet his goldfish in any reasonable demands it may make upon the larger life. But not of course after he has murdered it.

Miss SWINSTEAD's explanation of how mixed a blessing is a natural genius for imitating sheep also comes near the top. Not everyone realises

that it is one thing to be born with a perfect Southdown accent and quite another to use the accomplishment as a stepping-stone to social advancement; but Miss SWINSTEAD, blending pathos

with defiance and uttering not one single bleat, makes the point absolutely clear.

Miss GINGOLD's new solo turn, "Madame La Palma," is a passage from the memoirs of an elderly snake-charmer whose fascinations have ensnared rajahs as well. She has as many medals as the *Reichs-Buttermeister* himself, and the history of each is as quaint. This is an essay in the robust school of burlesque of which Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG is one of the senior prefects. Like the terrible flaxen hair under which Miss GINGOLD does her charming, it comes off.

With Mr. REGINALD BECKWITH she shows how sad and evil a place the countryside can seem when you come to it straight from the gaiety and enlightenment of Wapping or the Mile End Road. They make a tremendous pair of BELCHER evacuees, who, after a detailed examination of the intellectual shortcomings of village life, do what I have long been waiting for someone to do, take a picnic lunch out of their gas-mask boxes. The same pair take off with great effect the maniac dance-steps which have lately been loosed on a too easy-going public. "The Knockout" theirs is called, and after their slow-motion

demonstration Mr. CRISHAM deals with its futilities at whirlwind speed. But in the fresh stuff he is best served by a dance called "Faun in Manhattan," which shows off his sophisticated graces to perfection. With him in this is Miss GABRIELLE BRUNE, a very useful member of the cast. Her best solo is a song called "The Girl in the Advertisement," a tragi-comedy about a photograph bought for fifty guineas only to be cruelly used as a public warning against carelessness in the toilette; and Miss CAROLE LYNNE being unfortunately ill, she and Miss KAY YOUNG successfully took over her parts.

The cream of the old programme is all here, including Miss GINGOLD's Medium, Cinema-Attendant and Health-Organiser; Mr. CRISHAM's brilliant postcard song and his bubble-dance; the rag of demented fashion-launchers which he shares with Miss GINGOLD and Mr. PHIPPS, and Mr. BECKWITH's amazing strip-tease act.

In peace time this was an entertainment for which to be profoundly grateful. In war it becomes more valuable still. ERIC.



STUDY IN EVACUEE

Mrs. Pullpleasure . . . . . Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD  
Mrs. Fishbother . . . . . Mr. REGINALD BECKWITH



WANING INDUSTRY

MR. WALTER CRISHAM



## Extract from the Dictator's Drill Book

### How to Use Gas in War.

ON the command "Prepare to gas the enemy!" (which will be given several years before you know who the enemy is) the procedure is as follows:—

1. Take over several factories—Jewish, if possible, it saves on compensation costs—and isolate them with cordons of sentries. Explain that the reason for this is that they are engaged upon a new secret chemical dye process, which will ultimately benefit all humanity, and that any except the most confidential parts of the factories are open to inspection by foreign journalists. Let armed sentries escort any foreign journalists rapidly round a largish room in one corner of each factory where happy smiling workers are engaged upon a chemical dye process under the benevolent eye of a photo of yourself on the wall. Explain that the rest of the factory is at the moment closed for redecoration, hanging of photographs, etc.

2. Make poison gas in large quantities in the rest of the factory. If any workers get accidentally killed by it, thus proving the efficacy of your product, cremate them at once and send the urn to the relatives with a polite little note to explain that they died for their Leader. Let the urn be delivered by three Gestapo agents, to break the news gently and soften the blow.

3. Put your armies through intensive gas-drill in centres specially designed for testing out your product. Explain that defence against gas is a very necessary precaution in view of the absence of all humanitarian feeling on the part of the unprincipled —\* who will of course use it against you at once when war breaks out.

4. State publicly "I promise not to use gas," if you still think foreign opinion can distinguish between a threat and one of your promises. Make speeches denouncing and renouncing gas warfare. Sign anything.

5. When war has been forced upon you by the brutal aggression of some small State, the pavements of whose capital have been deliberately sabotaging your best air-bombs, speed up your gas preparations. You will not need them against the small State's laughable little armies, which, it is well known, can barely resist your noble tanks for a day but which out of sheer malice do so for four weeks; but there will be by then bigger States, such as England, who will deliberately misunderstand your mission to enforce peace by all means in your power, and will actually declare war without the slightest provocation.

6. Hurriedly make up some gas shells with the legend "Englander Gas Bombe" on the outside to denote the country of origin, rush them into the small State's conquered territory, and let some of your brave Gestapo discover them accidentally, while saving works of art and other valuable objects from the horrors of war. Antedate the discovery and announce it with incredulous but horrified surprise.

7. Get a few of the accidental gas casualties from one of your factories, put them in a military hospital, say they've come straight from defending your country against

the small State's aggression, and invite neutral doctors to say whether they *are* gas casualties or not. This, in conjunction with (6) above, will of course prove that the small State has been using gas supplied by England. Invite a committee of neutral journalists to announce this to the world.

8. Wait two more weeks while a nation-wide search is made for suitable neutral journalists who can be relied upon to speak the truth fearlessly.

9. State publicly again: "I promise not to use gas," but now add: "unless the other side uses it first."

10. Announce that events have now proved to the hilt that England used gas first.

11. Use gas second.

A. A.

o o

## Cold Remedy

(As prescribed by a French physician)

YOU that with shortening days endure  
Wintry troubles and find no cure,  
Mark the tidings I now unfold:  
Fall in love and you won't catch cold.

No more medicine, no more chills,  
No more annual doctors' bills;  
Anti-catarrhal germs and squirt,  
All can go, and you'll take no hurt.

More especially now I bring  
This to the man who serves his King;  
Soldier, sailor and airman, all  
If you're sensible, hear my call.

Hammering, hammering night and day,  
Colds are certain to come your way;  
Warmed by love you can get wet through;  
Chilled to the marrow, it won't hurt you.

You too, girls of our storm-girt isle,  
See that they tackle the thing in style,  
Kindle love in the patriot boy,  
Stir him up if you find him coy.

Britain calls you and bids you shove  
These young men into good strong love;  
Don't mind Auntie's Edwardian code;  
Daddy and Mummy can both be blown.

One snag only I find in this:  
What of connubial so-called bliss?  
Coughs and sneezing perhaps might rouse  
Nasty doubts in a thoughtful spouse.

Still, there's always this to be said:  
Signs that point to an old love dead  
Equally hint that a new growth's not  
Striking roots in a brand-new spot. DUM-DUM.

\* Fill in the name of your potential enemy, if known. If you don't yet know where your stars, your *Lebensraum* and your ego are going to lead you, leave the space blank till later.

## At the National Gallery

**F**IVE minutes past one. I shall be late.

Just as I thought; standing room only. Mozart. Lovely little tune. Gay, sure of itself. This place is like the scene in *Point Counter Point*—only it was Bach they played, wasn't it? And in any case everyone was in evening dress with orders. What does that relief over the archway represent? Socrates (apparently) being presented with a colossal model dome just after he has taken his hemlock. You can see his attendant doesn't approve—or perhaps he suspects white mice within: notice his careful withdrawal of draperies.

That's a lovely bit! Mozart excels at curly melodies. Golden curly curls—like those beneath that *curious* hat. I suppose that's angora but not, not

with taffeta ribbon and a feather (or is it two feathers? Yes, two).

Remark by young man in front: "How *like* Kenneth Clark to decorate the walls with pictures!" Ten minutes to puzzle this out. Why shouldn't he? Or perhaps he means that he (Kenneth Clark) ought to have evacuated all the pictures. There do seem to be a lot left. Oh, some are copies. It says so on the little label underneath. Very honest and straightforward. But what about those in the main room? The blue landscape with a tree looks nice from here. I wouldn't mind having that one. But sulky boy with dyed hair and the enormous hunting scene. Was that too big to move? (No. There are lots of even huger ones gone.) They probably felt that this wouldn't be missed. Nor would it. Dogs and a

disembowelled deer. Dogs larger than life and not *friendly*, if you know what I mean. And the curious position of the deer! Rather off-putting at breakfast, I should think. Though the pink pinkness of the insides blends very pleasantly with the huntsman's satin coat. (Fancy hunting in satin!) In a word, though, definitely *not* a picture to acquire.

Applause. They're beginning again. César Franck's "ecstatic modulations." (Who said that?) But one does lose the thread—like golden syrup through a colander. Mixed audience. Some smart women. A few recognisably from offices. One uniform (with brassard and reverently lowered head). Lots of earnest older people and only a few intellectuals. And do look at that *nice* old man. Obviously up from the



"Sergeant and Colonel Blumpington-Laing."



*"But surely, Bridget, your parents will be worried if you stay in London with a war on."*  
*"Sure I shan't tell them anything about that."*

country. A patriarch. Definitely Old Testament. Listening so attentively to the music. He probably hums the Choral Symphony while herding sheep on the limitless downs. Heavens, it's Edwin Evans!

Mr. Franck is doing his best to claim one's attention. I wonder if all the rest of the people are as engrossed as they appear to be or whether, like mine, their thoughts stray every now and then. There's a brown hat in the middle distance that has been turned

sharply to the right and has never stopped nodding urgently. It's extraordinary the things one simply must say the moment one mustn't. All that gold-corinthian-capitals-and-romanesque-arches-and-pressed-brown-marble rather takes one's mind off. Especially when one is standing on two large hot feet. (Much larger since one came in.) I wish I'd had lunch. Only one sandwich visible so far (and that was in the interval), and not a sausage roll in sight in spite of the newspaper reports.

Mr. Franck is becoming passionate. He has said once and he is saying it again with emphasis that he is not going to repeat himself any longer. The sonata is finished. Can you remember a single phrase of it? Or of the Mozart? Have you been listening? Well, it was a lovely concert, and thank you, Miss Myra Hess, and we shall certainly come again. We've perhaps not concentrated upon Mozart and Franck, but we've never once thought about the war!

## From the Home Front

THERE is again nothing to report from this sector of the Home Front, so we may as well do a little quiet thinking about Germany's disastrous position.

After a course of solid reading in the papers I believe I have got this Russian business straight. The kernel of it is that even if Russia is willing to supply Germany with the raw materials she so desperately needs it doesn't matter because they'll never get the stuff through. I mean they don't understand how to move things about in Russia. Apparently when a Russian is faced with the problem of shifting, say, oil from one place to another he lays down a lovely long railway-track and builds thousands of admirable trucks, and it isn't until he actually tries to run one on the other that he finds they don't fit. The gauge isn't the same, if you follow me. So he roots up one side of the rails all the way along and moves it in or out according to the distance between the wheels of his trucks, only he forgets to bolt the rails down again properly, so that next time he makes his inaugural journey the whole issue comes apart in his hands, as you might say, and leaves him little better off than before. Or if it isn't that, he'll go and put the wheels on the top of his trucks instead of underneath, so that they have to be run upside-down and all the oil falls out. Then of course when the train reaches the German frontier the trucks have to be reversed before they can proceed—a long and costly business.

Or take wheat. The U.S.S.R. produces annually some forty-eight billion six million five hundred and fifty-three thousand bushels of wheat. More or less. You can't pin me down to a bushel or two one way or the other in an affair of this magnitude. But there it is, all this golden glory of grain waiting to be shovelled along into millions of hungry Nazi mouths. But can the thing be done? Not it. Because the Russians reap their harvests in such a way that the wheat gets mildewed in three or four months and of course it would take far longer than that to transport it to Germany by rail. Wheat, you see, goes by Goods, and goods trains in Russia are notoriously slower even than Sunday trains in this country. The trouble is, as far as I can follow the argument, that the axles get rusted up during the winter and as soon as the wheat is put into the containers they snap and somebody has to splice them together again with string. That is the theory of it, but of course you know how long it takes to find a piece of string in Russia. Hence the delay.

All this—one hesitates to call it inefficiency; it's just that the Russians have a different way of doing things—anyway it means that Russia can bring *no material aid to Germany by rail*. What about water? Can the Soviet supply goods to Germany by sea? The answer to this question depends on geographical considerations. You have to have a map in front of you showing the direction of winds and currents in the Baltic and the extent of the ice-fields. We have no such maps here at present, but that need not prevent us answering the question with a confident negative. The mere idea of Russia shipping raw materials to Germany is, in a sense, laughable. Quite apart from the damning statistics of tonnage, demurrage, bottomry and so on, repeatedly quoted in *The Daily Telegraph* and other papers, we have the evidence of Gunner Robinson, who once attempted to travel in a Russian ship from London to Copenhagen and found himself taken to Leningrad by mistake. He says that three-quarters of the captains of Russian merchant ships have no idea where they are going and wouldn't know how to get there if they had. The reason is that they sail largely by eye and fail to allow for

the curvature of the earth. It will be remembered that at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, Russian battleships fired on British trawlers in the North Sea under the impression that they were being menaced by hostile vessels in Japanese waters. This kind of mistake would prove fatal to any attempt to transport merchandise from Soviet to North German ports.

Are you surprised now to hear that Hitler is desperate? Pale and unshaven, with a strange, almost inhuman, glare in his eyes, and his sock-suspenders trailing behind him, he dashes about the Wilhelmstrasse followed by a crowd of sycophantic counsellors. He is short of butter, he is short of meat, he has run clean out of manganese ore. His Generals revolt at the rate of one a minute, and he is so busy ordering their arrest that he has no time to attend to Ribbentrop's new Peace Plan for the Balkans or even to listen to von Papen explaining his latest failure. A sorry spectacle. Give him six months or eight at the most and he is finished. A man can't go for six months without shaving and still retain his hold on his people's affection—anyway, not a man as short of vital fats as Hitler is.

All this is excellent. I read about it in my paper with the same satisfaction as you read about it in yours. Nazidom at its last gasp, bereft of help from outside and hopelessly short of the sinews of war, is exactly the picture I like to have before my mind. But what beats me—and also, for that matter, Gunners Briggs, Robinson, Furr and Price, and even Lance-Bombardier Morris (a man not easily beaten), is what we read when we turn from the news to the leader columns of our papers. There all is resolute and grim. "Dark days lie ahead . . ." "Let us not deceive ourselves. The British Empire is engaged upon a desperate struggle for its very existence . . ." " . . . three, six, ten years if need be . . ." What is the point of all this? It does no good to my morale. Besides it confuses me. If the Nazis are due for a collapse early next summer, against whom is this desperate struggle to be? Russia? Nonsense. Everyone knows that all the Russian rifles are made without triggers, owing to some misunderstanding in high quarters. Well, then, whom?

Answers to this question should be addressed to the Ministry of Information—not to me. H. F. E.

## The Colonel

"DID I ever tell you the story,"

Said the Colonel,  
"Of my soldier-servant Pratt,  
And how he brought my trousers-stretchers  
Into the trenches—  
Did I ever tell you that?"

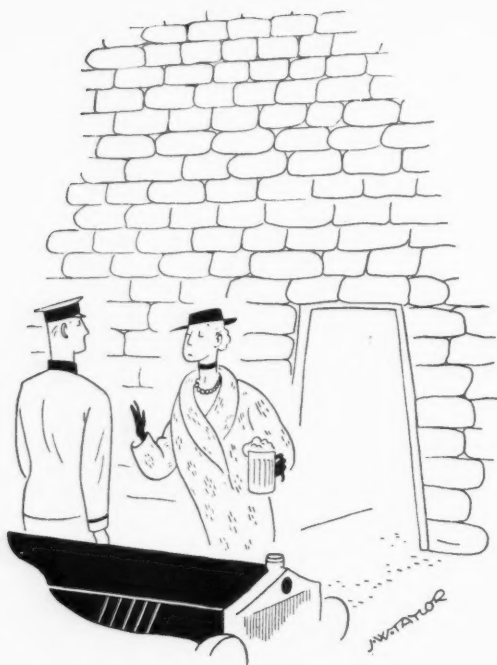
I did not like to say  
To the Colonel  
That I knew it all by heart,  
And many another  
Similar story  
In which Pratt had a part.

But although he is rather a bore,  
Is the Colonel,  
I bless, I do not blame,  
For I'm perfectly sure  
If I'm ever a Colonel,  
I shall be just the same. A. W. B.





*"Why not leave that fellow, Marianne? I would make you so happy."*



"Wrong again, Parker. That isn't the Post Office."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

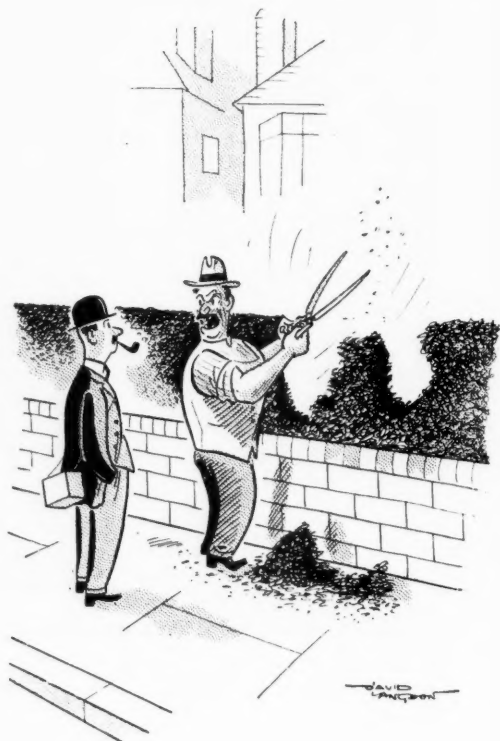
#### Farewell Visiting

Now that Clio, in a gas-mask, is so often found stowaway in some obscure corner of the laboratory, it will come as a relief to many to see her once more in her rightful place among the arts. For Mr. JAMES POPE-HENNESSY the ages of the PLANTAGENETS, of Lord HERTFORD, or of the TUDORS seem but extensions of his own memory, with the TUDORS dominant there as some episode of his own life might be here. He describes in *London Fabric* (BATSFORD, 10/6) how London streets come alive for him by the associations they bring to mind; in a parallel way Hampton Court lives again for his eyes, and through them for his readers, in the juxtaposed memories of its occupants. It is the same when he visits the crypts of St. Mary le Bow and St. Paul's, the Dulwich Gallery, Greenwich, the Wallace Collection, Stafford House, and finally Westminster Abbey, composing his tour and comment not according to chronology but in the more intimate pattern of personal taste and association. Thus he not only gives an account of the places he visits which will stimulate less well-informed pilgrims to a special interest in the buildings described and their contents—for instance, the London Museum which acquires new glory for most readers in his accounts of the Garibaldi reception and the Earth to Earth Burial Exhibition; a reminder too, as again at Hertford House, that often the building which houses a collection has in addition a fame in its own right too often forgotten. But also he unfolds to the reader a method for sight-seeing which should double the excitement of any who set out according to his plan. Alas that so many opportunities for pursuing the past

are now inevitably denied us! But the moral of his tale, that, both as a reminder of our heritage and in recognition of its indefensibility, we should quickly renew acquaintance with what is still on view, should not be lost on his readers.

#### Nero Up to Date

The household of *T. Flavius Crispus*, Senator of Rome, is brought before us by the practised hand of Mrs. NAOMI MITCHISON in her latest book. *The Blood of the Martyrs* is its name (CONSTABLE, 8/6), and it might be described as a modernised version of that famous melodrama, *The Sign of the Cross*. Indeed it is almost too much modernised for comfort, the dialogue of the numerous slaves being carried on in the sort of language you might expect to hear from the pupils of some co-educational establishment that had been allowed to get rather out of hand. One and all use the slang of the schoolboy, and this is apt to disturb the earnest reader who has almost succeeded for a moment in transporting himself back into the early days of Christianity. For the household of the unfortunate *Flavius* has become infected with the new faith, and he is at his wits' end to know how to deal with the danger. Even *Beric*, son of *CARACTACUS*, King of East Britain, is led astray; and *Beric* was his favourite, a sort of adopted son who managed the house for him and was some day going to be made a citizen of Rome. The story of this young fellow, who is known as "The Briton," and described as possessing all the more pleasing characteristics of that barbarian tribe—he might almost have been a public-school boy—provides plenty of emotional drama. He is in love with *Flavia*, the daughter of the house, who turns out to be a thoroughly bad lot; is soothed for a time by the new gospel learned from his



"... and then there's Goebbels."

patron's slaves; commits one (very pardonable) murder and attempts another; and ends by being thrown to the lions in the arena. Before that, however, we have been introduced to a number of persons eminent in history—including NERO himself, and TIGELLINUS, PAUL and his old acquaintance GALLIO, LUCAN the poet, and LUKE the physician.

### Just When We're Safest

One dare wager that the literature of the Close—a domain immemorially consecrated to the politer irony—has seldom of recent years produced anything prettier, livelier and more fundamentally sensible than *Let Me Go Back* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6). Embark on Lady PECK's first chapter and watch the *Dean of Mildrum's* family differentiate themselves over hot cross buns on Good Friday morning. Here, you exclaim, is a novelist who has succeeded in adapting the Trollopean convention not only to her own scheme of self-expression but to the dialogue and doings of a recognisably modern household. True, *Fanny St. Arthur*, the *Dean's* charming wife, is the heroine of the story. It is she who "dies" for an instant during an operation, and, surgically revived, utters the *cri du cœur* that gives the book its title. But it is the effect of her forfeited glimpse of eternity on her shallow husband, her shallower son, her mutinous but generous elder daughter and (more remotely) on the whole Cathedral set that her creator so gaily and yet so sensitively depicts. A little masterpiece this—and, for all its departmental setting, a mirror for everybody.

### "Es un Tenorio . . ."

Don Juan has never captured the English fancy as much as his great compatriot, Don Quijote. He exists for most of us as a vague memory from Byron, as a magnificent Mozartian shade from Glyndebourne or, worse still, as a generic term, sharing the doubtful privilege with Casanova, Adonis and the Squire of Dames. Mr. JOHN AUSTEN, in *The Story of Don Juan* (MARTIN SECKER, 12/6), restores the hero to his proper status. He shows that this sombre and fantastic character can be interpreted sympathetically only in Spain, and has been debased almost out of recognition in the French, English and Italian versions. In support of this he quotes passages from the Spanish romantic drama, most of them translated into English for the first time, and compares very well the treatment by MOLIÈRE, DA PONTE, BYRON, SHAW and BENNETT. (BYRON, by the way, was surely inspired by the *Whistlecraft Papers* rather than by *The Round*



T. B. D.

Officer's Steward. "WILL YOU TAKE YOUR BATH, SIR, BEFORE OR AFTER HACTION?"

Raven Hill, November 4th, 1914

Table.) Mr. AUSTEN deals hardly at all with the gradual absorption of Don Juan—complete in BYRON's poem—into the picaresque tradition, but the first part of his book puts forward new and interesting theories about the theme of the banquet with the statue. He traces back to Egyptian and Greek civilisation the ritual offering of food to the dead, though here, like other writers on the subject,



he leaves the reader on a rather uncertain quest for an undefined Golden Bough. The second and best chapter describes in detail the widespread legend of an invitation to a corpse or a statue, showing how it flourished through the Middle Ages as a moral anecdote and was at length immortalised in "the source of all Juanesque creations," TIRSO DE MOLINA'S *El Burlador de Sevilla*.

### Should Farming Flourish?

Mr. A. G. STREET'S considered verdict on politicians is that they have no respect for Mother Earth. Without sharing all Mr. STREET'S minor foibles or his curious conviction that the huntin' and shootin' farmer of these islands is a finer and more useful figure than the peasant proprietor of the Continent, one admits that there is enough sound doctrine in *A Year of My Life* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 7/6) to set the townsman doing a little salutary and urgent thinking on the function of the land. This, it now seems obvious, is to feed the rest of us. What is not so obvious is that you cannot pick farming up and put it down according as you feel about its relation of the moment to your export trade. There has got to be a long-term policy. The town too must face the fact that the country naturally resents being the town's playground in peace and "rubbish-dump and funk-hole" in war. Both town and country, however, can concur in one of Mr. STREET'S many delightful expressions of Wiltshire sagacity: that all would go well with England if only folk would "work 'arder and live quieter and more honest."

### Four-Legged Protagonists

The stories—there are twelve—in Miss MAZO DE LA ROCHE'S new book, *The Sacred Bullock* (MACMILLAN, 7/6), are all stories about animals. The first, the title story, describes life on a lonely Welsh farm and how a young farm-hand, despairingly in love with his master's daughter, comes to worship the one white bullock in the herd he tends. In another story a cat's voyages in many ships are the subject; and a cat again is the heroine of "Nine Lives." Dogs are the author's favourite protagonists, but a horse, a pony, and a sea-gull—was it a sea-gull or a ghost?—are also leading characters. Miss DE LA ROCHE, as we know, has imagination of a quality that can give reality to any story she tells us. If animals do not really think and act as she imagines that they do, at any rate she can charm her

readers into believing that she is right while they are turning her pages. And what more does one want for good entertainment, which is what this book most certainly is?

### Extraction

Not only does Mr. ELLERY QUEEN find himself opposed to his rather long-suffering father in *The Dragon's Teeth* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), but he is also impersonated by his partner, *Beau Rummell*. Both as author and deducer, ELLERY, free from the influence of Hollywood, is in his least bombastic and most attractive form during the investigation of a devilishly conceived plot.

In fact until the American sleuth hounds were in real need of his help he played a restrained second fiddle to the booming and buzzing *Beau*. In the end, however, ELLERY came into his own, and even the hard-bitten *District Attorney*, not to mention *Inspector Queen* of the Homicide Squad, could not quibble with the results of his investigations however strenuously they disapproved of the methods by which he reached them.

### Spy (Mas.) v. Spy (Fem.)

This tale of the contest of wits between a man who secretly was obtaining information for France and a woman who was employed on similar dangerous work for Germany is told, in *Second Bureau* (7/6), with unflagging zest by Mr. CHARLES ROBERT DUMAS. The publishers (ELDON PRESS) state that this is the story of the successful film *Deuxième Bureau* and, granted that the outbreak of war has not damped the demand for such yarns, it can be guaranteed to satisfy anyone who is looking for a combination of exciting incidents and love affairs. For complete

enjoyment, however, of Mr. DUMAS'S spirited romance one must yield whole-heartedly to the fascination of *Captain Benoît*, and that with some of us may not be so easy.

Mr. Punch welcomes the appearance of *Mr. Cursell's Letters to Officialdom* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 3/6), by ANTHONY GITTINS. *Mr. Cursell's* letters have all appeared in these columns; here are thirty of them, with a frontispiece showing him in the act of composition.

"Black-out begins at 6.5 p.m. and ends at 7.27 p.m."  
Hardly worth it. *Evening Paper.*



"And my idea is to make the horse hollow so that a number of our soldiers can be concealed inside it."

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